

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXXVI

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THE SECRET OF CONTENTMENT

How few seem to have it! Or, if they know it, to let it work in their lives! Watch the faces of the crowd in the street, of the people in the theatre queues, of the congregation in the average church. How few mirror an inward peace. How seldom is an expression of unstudied thankfulness to be seen. But why go farther than oneself? And yet the secret is an open one to the true followers of Jesus.

Before we can discover the secret of anything in this world we must know something about the nature of the thing itself. It would, for example, be foolish to enter into a long discussion about the secret of love without first being quite clear as to what kind of love we mean, for love is a short and simple word which covers an infinite variety of meanings. The secret of one kind of love would, therefore, be quite different from the secret of another, so that, without being clear as to the kind of love we mean, the discussion as to where its secret lay would be vain and fruitless. Much the same may be said of the quality we are thinking about in this article.

Contentment is a thing which varies as widely as human nature itself; and if we try to define the word first of all, we shall discover how true that is. Contentment, then, may be defined as the frame of mind of a person who is satisfied with what life has given him. That is quite simple; and although, perhaps, it is not very exact, it suggests well enough what we mean when we speak of anyone as a contented person. Now, with that definition in mind we can see easily how the quality of contentment is as varied as human nature itself; for the things which bring satisfaction are not the same as between man and man.

The creature who appeals to me as most clearly distinguished by the quality of contentment is the cow. Watch a cow chew the cud, look into those soft and expressionless eyes, and you have a splendid picture of animal contentment. For the moment she is absolutely satisfied with what

life has given her, even though it is only grass to eat. There is a contentment in human life which is not very unlike the contentment of a cow. It certainly demands more than grass to eat, but, so long as there is sufficient food and clothing, it is satisfied. The more civilized life becomes, the more it will demand. Food must be of a kind to appeal to a refined taste; clothes must be of a kind not merely to protect the body but to make a display to the eye; and in that way the range of wants of the civilized man and woman tends to grow from age to age. The standard of living necessary to satisfy the men and women of today is much higher than the standard which would have satisfied the people of a few generations ago. More is demanded of life. The luxury of one age becomes the necessity of the next. There is no fixed standard in this matter, and there never can be. Things that we feel we could not do without were gone without by our forefathers. Things that we go without today will be eagerly claimed by those who come after us. There is no pause in this movement. Wants always tend to increase from age to age, and every fresh step in advance leads on to another one. Under such circumstances contentment seems an impossible attainment.

But the verdict depends upon whether it is the outward things of life on which the hearts of men are fixed. If the satisfying things are outward and material, then the quest of contentment is a hopeless one. Human experience verifies that conclusion. It is true to life to say that "the more a man has, the more he wants." After the few essential things like food and clothing and a home have been given, and everyone requires these, it is true to say that a man's wants grow in proportion to his possessions; and it is doubtful whether the point ever comes when he is satisfied. The most dissatisfied people one meets are generally those who have enough and to spare, and their dissatisfaction often arises because some new luxury is a little beyond their reach.

But there is another and a deeper reason at work in producing that common discontent. So

long as a man's desire is fixed on material things, his spiritual nature is starving. No man can be fully satisfied with what life gives who lives on pleasures; and the man who looks for it along these lines will be disappointed. If he is filled with envies and jealousies and greed, he will never have enough to satisfy himself. If he is filled with large thoughts and purposes, he can be content with very little so far as outward prosperity goes.

That secret has been learned by many of God's good men and women in the course of the ages. One of the greatest of them once revealed his spirit in the familiar words, *I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content*. That standard seems impossibly high to most of us. We realize how far it is removed from anything which we could say of ourselves with any show of sincerity. But it would be a mistake to set it too high. A man like the Apostle Paul was not indifferent to the comforts and pleasures of life. As he himself said, "I know how to abound." He could use to the full the good things which came to him. But his secret lay in the fact that he had found the greatest gift of all in God, and that first things were kept first. There is no other secret of contentment than that. There never was. There never will be. A man cannot find rest while he is denying and starving his soul. No matter what else he gains, he will remain to the end of his days restless and discontented.

TOMMY went home one day with a nice new golf ball. "Look at the lost ball I found on the links, father," he said.

"But are you sure, Tommy, that it was a lost ball?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy. "I saw the man and his caddy looking for it."

THE PATH TO THE MOON

THE night is white with the light of the April moon,

The tree is a pyramid of glistening leaves,
Come, let us go and listen to the song
The sighing wind weaves.

Come, get your hat, let us climb the path to the moon,

It is a thread of light on a velvet hill,
Come, let us follow its dazzling, wind-cold glory;
Is not the night still?

There, far below us, lies the road we left,
There, far above, the stars that will set too soon;
And here are we at the top of the silver ladder
Leaning against the moon.

—Josiah Titzell.

A LITTLE patience would save a great deal of vexation. Time robs us of as much as it gives. You know we have always found it a mere shuffler, placing and displacing, ordering and dis-ordering, imprinting and effacing, bringing together and separating, and in short, rendering all things good and bad in such a manner that it is hardly possible to know them again. Time shows respect to nothing but our friendship, and that it will always respect.—*De Seigne*.

GENEVA'S WATCH SCHOOL

THE writer has been all over this world and seen many interesting schools, but in Geneva, Switzerland, is one unlike any which exists anywhere else in the world. It is known as L'Ecole Municipale d'Horlogerie. As you know, many of the best watches made are made in Switzerland. It is not surprising that this should be so, for the Swiss have been making watches for nearly 1,600 years.

Boys enter this school when about 14 years of age, paying a few francs a month for their instruction, if they are natives, and if foreigners, a little more. They also pay for all the material they use in the school. It takes five years to complete the course, and at the end of it the boy has made and owns twelve watches. What his certificate shall be depends on the exactness of his watches, which are placed in the observatory, due note being made of any variation produced by change of temperature or change of position. According as the watches stand the necessary test, a certificate is given to the maker and owner.

THE FIRST CLASS

When the boy enters the first class of the school, he begins by making the utensils required in the manufacture of a watch, even the wooden handles. His next step is the making of the model of a watch in wood. Five or six months are passed in this class, ten hours each day, but part of the time—about seven hours a week—is given to the study of drawing, the elements of physics, mathematics, science and chemistry.

In the second class the students make the inside cases for chronometers, watches and repeaters. The cage, or inner case, and some of the wheels are made of metal which is composed of copper and zinc, while some of the screws are made of steel. In this grade the student is required to make twelve lever-escapement cases, one cylinder-escapement case, and one case for a striking watch. There are twenty-one small pieces to be made by hand for the inside case of every ordinary watch, and thirty pieces for a repeater.

The mechanism for winding the watch is made by the third class. In the fourth class the differ-

ent parts of the chronograph are learned. In addition, the pupil makes the different parts for watches that strike the hour, and for the calendar watches that denote the days and months, the year, and the changes of the moon.

In the fifth class eight months' work is required and is devoted to the making of screws and wheels which move and regulate timepieces. In this grade the pupil makes the micrometer, for measuring the least possible thickness of wheels and screws.

EXACT AND DELICATE WORK

In the sixth class the pupils are taught to make up the lever and cylinder-escapements, and, as there are ten pieces in each lever-escapement, and three rubies, which the pupils also polish and shape with rough stone, the work must be exact and delicate. It may interest you to know that the wheels of a lever pass 9,000 times over the ruby in one hour. In this grade the pupil must remain thirteen months.

In the last grade, where he is required to spend a year, he verifies all the calculations made in other classes by putting together the different parts to make a watch.

Hands, dials and mainsprings are made by special factories. The hairsprings for watches are nearly all made by women. After a watch is completed it is submitted to a certain test—degrees of heat and then of cold; and the exactness with which it keeps time when exposed to these variations decides the grade of certificate which the pupil, who is now 19 years old, will receive.

Many parts of the watch are ordinarily made by machine and are finished and put together by hand; but the real master of the art of watch-making learns first to make all parts of the watch by hand.

In addition this institution has a mechanical department in which three years' study and work are required to pass a satisfactory examination.—*J. A. W., in Christian Science Monitor.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECEIPTS

Dressing for Lettuce.—When about to serve plain lettuce for salad, and there is no kind of dressing already prepared, one can quickly make an exceptionally delicious one. To half a cupful of mild vinegar add about the same quantity of evaporated milk or rich milk. Add to this salt, pepper, and a level teaspoonful of granulated sugar, or more or less according to taste. Spread the mixture over the lettuce.

If desirous of having the salad a little more elaborate, add to this dressing, before spreading, a heaping teaspoonful of chopped pickles, of any

kind, or else stir into it a teaspoonful of peanut butter, blending it in thoroughly.

Topsy-Turvy Pie.—Make a rich pastry, enough for one thick crust. Pare, core and cut into sixteenths enough apples to fill a deep pie plate (buttered). Sprinkle with sugar, salt and cinnamon. Scatter in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of raisins. Roll out dough a little thicker than for the usual pie and lay it over the apples, tucking the edges under the apples all around pie. Bake until the crust is a rich brown. Let cool slightly, then turn out, topsy-turvy, on a plate, which will bring the apples on top. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar and serve with cream.

HANDY HINTS

To Keep Apples White.—When peeling apples in any quantity for stewing purposes, or where they will be exposed in a mass when served, always use a stainless knife. If this is not possible, throw the apple immediately it is peeled and sliced into a bowl of cold water. This preserves the true color of the apple and prevents the brown appearance which so soon appears after peeling.

When making cake, if you run short of milk and use part water and part milk, add an extra half tablespoon of shortening for every cup of milk omitted.

Oil cloth should never be scrubbed. If this is done the paint will be quickly worn off. It should first be carefully washed with a soft brush, to remove all the dust and dirt, and then wiped with a large soft cloth wrung out in tepid (not hot) water.

To whiten handkerchiefs put in a basin of cold water to which a quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar has been dissolved, and soak over night.

Be careful to keep fruit and vegetables where they will not freeze during the winter weather. A dry, cool corner in your cellar is the best place.

Dried fruits, soaked over night, cooked the next day until soft, then pressed through a colander will make a delicious spread for sandwiches for the children's lunch box.

THE mind is a fire of which thought is the flame, and, like flame, it yearns upwards. Men try hard to smother it by turning the point of it downwards.—*Joubert.*

HATE is the microscope of faults and weakness Love is the microscope of our good qualities.—*Great Thought Magazine.*

WHEN the opponents of prohibition cite any other law affecting millions that is perfect in its results it will be time to assert that legal restriction of liquor on a national scale is not justifying itself.—*Kansas City Star.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

OFFERS

First Parish, Cambridge. Send requests to
*Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.*

One hundred pamphlet copies of Hymn and
Service Books.

Large Hymn and Service Books, but not more
than several of a kind.

Bibles.

Testaments.

A Study of the Sects. W. H. Lyon.

The Infinite and the Finite. Theophilus
Parsons.

Addresses to Women Engaged in Church Work.
Henry C. Potter.

An Epistle to Posterity. Mrs. John Sherwood.

Samuel Longfellow's Essays and Sermons.

Reason in Religion. Hedge.

The Charming Notebook.

Hours with the Evangelists. Nichols.

The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. James
Freeman Clarke.

Concerning Prayer.

Life of Francis Parkman. Charles H. Farnham.

Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll. Collingswood.

Practical Business Arithmetic (bookkeeping,
etc.). Moore and Miner.

Handbook of Composition. Wooley.
Helps to Writing.

For the following books apply to *Mrs. F. C.
Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.*

The Desire of Beauty. Child.

God's Good Man. Corelli.

Kathrina. Holland.

The God of his Fathers. Jack London.

Queen Hortense. Mühlbach.

From Baca to Beulah. Smith.

The von Blumers. Tom Masson.

Ruth Fielding at Sunrise Farm. Alice Emerson.

Little Prudy's Captain Horace. Sophie May.

Dri and I. Bacheller.

John Thorndyke's Cases. Freeman.

By the Good Sainte Anne. Ray.

A Jacobite Exile. Herty.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggin.

Gideon Fleyce. Lucy.

Fine Little Starrs. Roy.

Around Old Chester. Deland.

Rhymes for Kindly Children. Snyder.

Allan Quartermain. Haggard.

Marion's Faith. King.

Saved as by Fire. Cottage Library.

Lazarre. Catherwood.

- Chaplet of Pearls. Yonge.
 Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. Rowland.
 The Star Dreamer. Castle.
 Wives. Irving.
 Year Book. Ian MacLaren.
 Essentials of English. Pearson and Kirchway.
 Fourth Reader. Appleton.
 Facing Death. Henty.
 The Congo Rovers. Calingwood.
 Two Admirals. Cooper.
 The Little Sister of Wilfred. Plympton.
 Wonder Book. Hawthorne.
 Spelling Book. Bailey Manly.
 The Lady of the Lake. Scott.
 Heroes of the Faith. Gates.
 Sweethearts and Wines. Rogers.
 Dere Mable. Streeter.
 Headless Horseman. Mayne Reid.
 Little Mother Series. Booth.
 My Wife and I. Stowe.
 What About Fred? Chamberlain.
 The Mysterious Island. Jules Verne.
 Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue. Hope.
 The Outdoor Girls at Rainbow Lake. Hope.
 The Tribulations of a Princess.
 By the Light of the Soul. Freeman.
 People of the Whirlpool.
 Miss Malcolm's Ten. Winslow.
 The Prince of Mercuria. Kimball.
 McGuffey's Sixth Reader.
 Through Space to Mars. Rockwood.
 Kitty of the Roses. Barbour.
 The Master's Blesseds. Miller.
 Not Like Other Girls. Carey.
 The Sapphire Story Book. Coussans.
 University Life in Ancient Athens. Capes.
 Essays of Elia. Lamb.
 Fifth Reader. Baker and Thorndyke.
 Three Bright Girls. Armstrong.
 Edith Lyle. Holmes.
 Esther. Carey.
 French Public Finance.
 Cross Word Puzzle Book.
 World Almanacs, 1912, 1924.
 The Penny Man and His Friends.
 Missionary Report of N. J. State Board of
 Agriculture.
 Introduction to the Creeds. Maclear.
 Hypnotism. Schlathoeter.
 Inter-Ally Debts.
 Studies in New Testament for Bible Teachers.
 Hurlburt.
 Gospel Pictures and Story Sermons. Whittle.
 The Price of Africa. Taylor.
 British and German Ideals.
 How to Reach Men, etc. Hudson.
 Plane Trigonometry. Wentworth.
 Kin Folk. Miller.
 Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox.
 Adventures in Canada. Geikie.
 Fundamental Sources of Efficiency. Durell.
 Young Americans. Giffen.
 Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne.
 Tales of Ancient Greece. Cox.
 The Colonel's Charge. Holding.
 House of Seven Gables. Hawthorne.
 Theory of Banking. Dunbar.
 Advanced Physics. Barker.
 Principles of Auditing. Wildman.
 Elementary Algebra. Hawkes.
 The Citizen and the Republic. Woodburn.
 Selections from Psalms.
 Laudes Domini. Hymn Book.
 Compositions and Rhetoric. Lockwood.
 From Cape Horn to Panama. Young.
 The Strawberry Handkerchief. Barr.
 Books for Study and Reading. Abbott.
 History of England and Canada. Adams.
 Sayings of Jesus. Harnack.
 Bricks Without Straw. Tourgee.
 The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen.
 Social Unrest. Brooks.
 Men in War. Latzks.
 Planning a Trip Abroad. Hungerford.
 Souvenir Post Cards.
 Merchant of Venice. Rolfe.
 Days of Auld Lang Syne. MacLaren.
 A Daughter of the Rich. Waller.
 The Dawn of a Tomorrow. Burnett.
 The First Hundred Thousand. Hay.
 The Glory of Clementina. Locke.
 Midshipman Jack. Norton.
 William the Conqueror. Freeman.
 A Princess and Another. Jenkin's.
 The Spiritual Combat. Scupoli.
 Bible Stories.
 Accounting. Dickinson.
 The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life. Smith.
 Jersey Coast and Pines. Kobbé.
 Studies in Old Testament.
 Efficiency Points. Doughty.
 Industrial Ownership. Brookings.
 The Gospel in North Africa. Rutherford.
 Melchior's Dream. Ewing.
 Language Lessons. Arnold.
 Meditations on the Life of Christ. Thomas
 a Kempis.
 John Godfrey's Fortunes. Taylor.
 John Gray. Allen.
 Poems. Jean Ingelow.
 Checkers. Blossom.
 Chemistry. Remsen.
 Two Women. Woolson.
 The Abbé Constantine. Halévy.
 Business Fundamentals. Simonds.
 The New Home Missions. Douglass.
 History of English Literature. Taine.
 The Union Textbook.
 The French Revolution. Carlyle.
 Nowadays and Other Stories. Hibbard.
 Speaking of Operations. Cobb.
 Methodist Hymnal.

The Independent Dragoons. Dormblaser.
 The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith.
 The Golden Key. Rankin.
 Sociology. Dealey.
 Thoughts. Horace Munn.
 Iphigenie. Goethe.
 Inks—Composition and Manufacture. Mitchell.
 History of a Crime, Vol. II. Hugo.
 Master Timothy's Book Case.
 Jesus Only. Gray Reynolds.
 A Singular Life. Phelps.
 The New Civics. Ashley.
 John MacNab. Buchan.
 The Children for Christ. Murray.
 The Moon Out of Reach. Pedler.
 New Light on Hebrew Scriptures. Jack.
 Poems. George Herbert.
 Message of Modern Minister. Jackson.
 Fire Protection. Manual.
 Anticipations of World Peace. Wells.
 The Montessori Method.
 The Old Helmet.
 Half Hours With Great Authors.
 Wilful Cousin Kate. Meade.
 Montessori Children. Bailey.
 The Mask. Cournos.
 Characters of Old Testament. Williams.
 The Witch of Prague. Crawford.
 Studies of Old Testament Heroes. Robinson.
 John Halifax—Gentleman. Mulock.
 Random Reflections of a Grandmother. Starges.
 Hymnal.
 Cast Up by the Sea. Baker.
 Robinson Crusoe. De Foe.
 Nativity of Christ. Milton.
 Submarine Boys' Trial Trip. Lieutenant Durham.
 Intellectual Philosophy. Nayland.
 Essay on Johnson. MacCauley.
 Pride of Khaki Troop. Boy Scouts.
 Pontiac—Chief of Ottawas. Gorclon.
 Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Pyle.
 The Little Lame Prince. Mulock.
 At the Back of the North Wind. MacDonald.
 The Twins in the South. Whitehill.
 Household of Glen Holly. Lilly.
 Sir Jefferson Nobody. Merriman.
 Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford.
 Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris. Stewart.
 Life of Samuel Johnson. MacCauley.
 Golden Heart. Jacob.
 Ancient Cities. Wright.
 Pallessey the Huguenot. Potter.
 Illustrated Natural History. Routledge.
 Rime of Ancient Mariner and other poems.
 Coleridge.
 Aliens or Americans. Grose.
 Master and Man. Tolstoi.
 Boys' Book of Railways. Howden.
 Mysteries of Paris. Sue.
 Flowers from the Wayside. Poems.

Arrows. Ballard.
 Financial Policy of Corporations.
 The School Singer. Dewing.
 Josephus. Whitstone.
 Cruise of the Neptune. Low.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. G. A. Bonner, Big Springs, Tenn., writes words of gratitude to the Cheerful Letter Exchange for cheer she has received, and she hopes the "good people" will still remember her with sewing material and embroidery thread. Her little boys are now 4 and 9 years old, and she would like books suitable for their ages.

2. Ossie Carpenter, Grassy Creek, N. C., 12 years old, asks for any sort of cheer the *Cheerful Letter* friends wish to send her.

3. Mrs. Silla Smith, Sandy Ridge, N. C., R. 1., would like to receive some good books and magazines for herself and cards and suitable reading for her eleven children, ranging in ages from one to 14 years.

4. Miss Margaret A. Gordon, Sarben, Nebr., asks for "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Courtship of Myles Standish," "Snowbound," or any of Louisa Alcott's for supplementary reading.

5. Mrs. E. C. Farmer, Rugby, Va., in poor health and mother of three young children, asks for cheer.

6. Mrs. Maude White, W. R. C. Home, Oxford, N. Y., writes: "I am in a wheel chair in the hospital of this home, one hundred and sixty miles from my home friends. I am always very happy to get a bit of mail. This is a very pleasant place to live, over two hundred members in the home. We have church service every Sunday."

7. Mrs. W. B. Trammell, Athens, Texas, R. 1, a member of long standing and mother of eight children, ages from 19 years to four months, will be glad of anything to read, and quilt scraps.

8. Mrs. Harry C. Nelson, Stoneville, N. C., an invalid confined to the house, will appreciate letters, and cheer of good reading.

9. Mrs. Joe Dodd, Sandidges, Va., a lonely shut-in, is grateful for past kindness, and feels she needs cheer more than ever now, as her husband had his leg broken four months ago, and fears he will be a cripple for life. She is shut in from rheumatism, and the days are long and lonely.

10. Mrs. Beulah Moore, Lawsonville, N. C., R. 1, an invalid for twenty-four years, when she slipped on the ice, and has not seen a day free from pain since, living eighteen miles from town and railroad, begs for good books, and books of fancy work designs. She has a daughter, aged 16, and they make little things to sell.

11. Mrs. Mary Thompson, Tuckerdale, N. C., sends thanks for past favors, and hopes she may receive some cheer this season.

12. My mother was a member of the *Cheerful Letter* for all her married life, and my last letter to the Society was written as Annie Drummond. I have been married for more than a year now, and there are three of us—my husband and I, who dearly love to read, and a dear little girl, two months old, whom we are already planning how we may train to love to read.

We live in the country, and are entirely without access to any library, lectures, or anything of the sort. We would be so happy to have some books sent us—any of the newer fiction, and also of the old, that could be spared. I should love very much to have any of the woman's magazines, *The Pictorial Review*, *McClure's*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, etc., that anyone would be so good as to send me after they have been read. I shall appreciate it very much. Mrs. Annie Drummond Fulcher, Sandidges, Va.

13. Mrs. Marshall Watson of Copeland, Ark., is confined to her home, caring for her invalid mother and small baby. She would greatly appreciate good reading, sewing material, crochet thread for herself, and juvenile reading and cards for her children, bits of ribbon and lace for her two little girls. These two little girls, Alice and Enid, write their own letter, also, sending thanks to "the good lady that sent us bulbs last season. They grew the loveliest flowers we ever saw." They would very much like the *Geographical Magazine*, and any kind of flowers.

14. Mrs. H. B. Pruitt, Rupert, Ark., writes: "My son Harley has gotten many good books and reading matter from *Cheerful Letter Exchange*, for which we thank you all heartily, and will appreciate any further kindness. We live away up in the Ozarks, about 35 miles from any railroad. Harley is our only child at home; he is almost our dependence for a living. I thank you all for your kindness."

15. I am a lonely mother with five small children, ages 13, 11, 8, 5, and 2 years. My husband has been in the insane hospital for two years, and no hopes of ever getting well. I get so lonesome while the children are in school. I would appreciate any reading matter or sewing material of just anything, to help pass the long, lonely hours. Thanking you in advance, Mrs. Maggie L. Rorrer, Elamsville, Va., R. 1, Box 66.

16. I want to take this opportunity to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends, for their kindness, who have sent reading matter, patchwork pieces, crochet thread, etc., to me. I have written each one a personal letter of thanks, except a Mrs. Knott, whose address, I am sorry to say, I have lost, and someone in Santa Barbara, Calif., who failed to send their name. I thank you all again, and hope to be remembered in the future as I

have in the past. Mrs. Ethel Graham, Whitetop, Va.

CORRECTIONS OF ADDRESSES

Mrs. Effie Anderson, printed Pembroke, Va., should be Drumore, R. 1, Pa.

Mrs. T. Iverson Murphy is at Coolidge, Ga.

Mrs. Clara Watson now lives at Electra, Texas.

Mrs. Fleta L. Smith, Greensboro, N. C., R. 5, Box 211. (Note Route Number and Box.)

Mrs. Mattie Wilcox, Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 40.

Mrs. F. M. Martin, Wills Point, Texas, R. 4.

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF

THERE is no unbelief.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no unbelief.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by-and-by,"
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's powers must know.

There is no unbelief.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief.

Whoever says "tomorrow, the unknown,
The future," trusts that power alone
None dare disown.

There is no unbelief.

The heart that looks on when dear eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief.

For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

—Lizzie York Case.

(Through a mistake, which we regret, a quotation from the above poem, printed in a recent number of *The Cheerful Letter*, was credited to Bulwer Lytton. We are glad to print the beautiful words of the entire poem.)

GREAT spenders are bad lenders.—Franklin.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS, or myopia, is widely prevalent among the human species because man has not yet completely ceased being a fish, was asserted by Dr. Eugene G. Wiseman of Buffalo, Chairman of the American Academy of Optometry.

"We have found," Dr. Wiseman said, "that a great proportion of cases of myopia are caused by the fact that the eyes naturally diverge to the right and to the left instead of looking straight ahead. The inner muscles of the eye, in trying to correct this and restore the parallelism of the vision of the two eyes, are subjected to a strain which produces near-sightedness.

"Prismatic lenses have now been developed which restore this parallelism while they allow the eyes to remain in their natural, slightly divergent, position. Many cases of myopia have been reduced and many others have been entirely cured by this simple method."

Many lower animals, such as insects and birds, Dr. Wiseman said, have vision incomparably keener than that of man. For example, he said, to the mosquito, man glowed like a burning coal. In man's development from the lower species, he continued, the eyes had gradually come to the front from their position at the side of the head, as in the fish, and with this had come a great improvement—parallel vision of both eyes.

"This gave man a triangulating mechanism by which he could judge distances, and was of great value to him."

WITH a new device, the herediscope, Dr. R. R. Graves of the Bureau of Dairy Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture theoretically formed three generations, with their complex combinations of characteristics, varying from parent to child, in the course of a few minutes. In this brief epoch Dr. Graves showed how the "gambling device, which inheritance really is," brought blue-eyed children to brown-eyed parents, and feeble-minded progeny to men and women of outwardly sound mentality, all according to chance, but also all according to the rigid law worked out by the monk Gregor Mendel a generation ago.

The machine, he said, was intended to show graphically the working of the Mendelian theory, according to which dominant and recessive characteristics are carried from generation to generation in the germ plasma and characteristics which are hidden in one generation crop out in the next.

"For instance," said Professor Graves, "there is the color of the eyes. Brown is dominant, while blue is recessive. Two parents, both with brown eyes, can have blue-eyed children, but two parents having blue eyes can have only blue-

eyed children. Feeble-mindedness can spring from mentally normal persons who have a feeble-minded recessive, just as blue eyes can come from brown."

Dr. Graves illustrated with the machine. It was constructed so that the aluminum cups were ranged in four rows on an upright stand resembling a blackboard. The top row represented the grandparents. There was a group of four cups for each individual of the two pairs of husbands and wives in this generation. Below the grandparents the parents were represented by two groups of four cups each, one group for the male, the other for the female. Below them was one group, representing the individual of the third generation. Channels ran from each generation into the next.

Dr. Graves put one globe in each of the sixteen cups representing the four grandparents. Each globe represented a factor in inheritance. Black globes represented dark hair and red globes red hair. Brown and blue-eyed grandparents were similarly chosen. A strain of feeble-mindedness, represented by yellow globes, was added to the grandparents.

Then Dr. Graves allowed the sixteen globes to slide down individual chutes leading to the next generation. Only eight globes could find a place in the second generation and eight were discarded. In the second generation the male had inherited the feeble-mindedness recessive in both his parents, instead of their dominant mentalities, and so was positively feeble-minded. He also had red hair and brown eyes. The female also had inherited the feeble-minded strain in one of her parents and had dark hair and blue eyes.

Dr. Graves again manipulated the handle and the inheritance factors dropped into the third generation, half of them, as before, falling by the wayside. The resultant grandchild had no choice but to be feeble-minded, since both parents were, and was red-headed and brown-eyed.

"Of course," Dr. Graves explained, "if we ran through this series again an entirely different result almost certainly would be obtained from these same factors."—*New York Times*.

Laura R. Donnell.

AN honest speeder had just hit a dog and had returned to settle the damage. He looked at the dog a moment and addressed the man with the gun:

"Looks as if I'd killed your dog."

"Certainly looks that way."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Not very."

"Will \$5 be enough?"

"Well I guess so," accepting the bill.

"Sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"Oh, I wasn't going hunting—jest going out in the woods to shoot the dog."

HINTS FOR YOUR GARDEN

It is not too early to have flowers in the house by forcing cut branches of various shrubs and trees. Forsythias are especially easy to force. If fairly long branches are brought into the house immediately they will be in full bloom in a week or ten days, provided that they are kept in a warm room. They will come out with special rapidity if kept in a sunny window, but this is not necessary.

It is well known that pussy willows can be made to open very quickly at this season, but first the little caps should be removed from each "pussy."

The low-growing shrub known as flowering almond is another kind which forces very easily. The flowers, which are like little roses, are set closely together on long stems and are very decorative when arranged in a bowl.

Flowering quinces, too, are easily forced, although they are seldom seen in the house. Few flowers will do more to brighten up a room. Most of the cherry, peach, plum and apple trees will provide flowers if branches are cut and taken into the house at this time.

The same method should be used with all these shrubs. An inch or two of the bark should be peeled from the bottom of the branches and the latter placed in rather deep receptacles filled with water. Sometimes an attempt is made to force lilacs, but usually without success unless very large branches are taken.

The time is almost at hand for starting early seeds in the house. Some of the annuals are rather slow to germinate and will not bloom until autumn if the seeds are not started until outside planting is possible. Such plants as asters, salvias, vinca rosa, salpiglossis, annual larkspurs, snapdragons and petunias should be larked in March, preferably early. It is not at all difficult to do this work. Any woman who has a bay window or a sunny kitchen window can find room for a few boxes of earth in which seeds can be started. Small wooden boxes can be obtained at a nearby grocery store and cut down so that the sides will be about three inches high.

Many women make a point of storing a little soil in the cellar each fall. The boxes can be filled with this soil now, but the boxes should be filled almost to the top and the soil firmed with a block of wood.

Then little furrows should be made and the seeds sprinkled in them. Some of the annuals have very fine seed which will not come up if planted deeply. Such seed is best merely sprinkled on the surface and a little sand sifted over it.

The simplest way to apply water without washing out the seeds is to cut square pieces of tissue paper the size of each box, the paper being

spread over the top. Water can be applied lightly to this paper through which it will gradually soak until the soil has been thoroughly moistened. If the paper is left in position more water can be added as needed. The paper will rot away so that the seedlings can push their way through it.

Women who try this experiment of starting seeds in the house will find the work fascinating, as almost every flower has a little different habit of growth and, of course, a different appearance from the others.

The boxes should be kept away from the sun until the seedlings have appeared. Then they can be kept in the light. After the seedlings are grown to a point where the first true leaves have appeared, it is best to shift them to another box or to paper pots. Otherwise there is danger that they will grow spindling and perhaps not develop sufficiently to make good plants.

Paper pots and dirt bands are very useful when plants are being started indoors. The dirt bands differ from the pots only in the fact that they are bottomless. They are usually set close together in boxes. Both the dirt bands and the paper pots are found especially useful when the time comes for setting the plants in the open ground, because the roots will not be disturbed in any way and the plants will go on growing almost as though they had not been moved. With the paper pots the bottoms are pulled out, but the dirt bands are simply sunk into the ground. Both the bands and the pots may be allowed to extend a little distance above the ground, serving as a barrier to cutworms.

The ideal plan for the woman who starts seeds in the house is to have a cold frame in the garden to which the started plants can be transferred three or four weeks before it is time for them to go into the open ground. A cold frame is easy to handle in April, and makes it possible to get the plants out of the house. In the frame they will go on developing rapidly and can be hardened off by removing the glass each day until the little plants are strong and rugged enough for an outside situation.

Of course when a cold frame is used in this way the little plants are not set in the earth. The boxes or pots in which they are being grown are simply set on the ground under the glass.

Hotbeds can be used, but they require too much effort on the part of the average woman. It is much better to depend upon boxes of earth in the house, supplemented by a cold frame outside when the weather gets warmer.—*Boston Transcript*.

THERE are some hearts which sympathize for each other so truly that they judge by themselves what others feel.—*De Seigne*.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

WHAT PETE BROUGHT

PETE always came with the springtime. Before he came, Billy watched the snow withdraw from the open fields, and lie in a line of dimming whiteness against the black wall of the forest, until it disappeared altogether beneath the low-hanging branches of the evergreens. Then when the first clouds of dust drifted faintly up the road, and the wild ducks began their nesting in the brook at the foot of the pasture, Pete would come. Billy would see him coming far down the road, for he started watching from the moment that his father remarked, "It's about time for Pete to show up, and get the seeding started."

Pete would come in the gate with his old telescope case on his shoulder, come in with his swinging stride that always reminded Billy of the moose that he had once seen crossing the back pasture, striding so freely among the wondering cattle. Billy would stand beside the kitchen door, and watch silently as he approached, until Pete threw his bag down on the doorstep, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, surveyed the boy before him with the boyish gayety of his nature shining through the mask of seriousness that he had assumed for the occasion. "Well, well, well," he would exclaim, "I'm afraid that I'm come to the wrong house, for there's no such beeg boy on the place that I'm looking for." Then he would look closer with a great simulation of amazed wonder. "Well, I do believe, that beeg fellow is the same boy what was such small, leetle fellow last summer." And his face would grow more serious, with his brown eyes all the time gleaming and dancing in joyous delight. "I've something in my bag for you, but I'm afraid that you're such a beeg fellow now that maybe you're not going to like it after all." And then the joy would surge through, and his bronzed face would break into a smile that was warmer and more beneficent than the spring sunshine, and together they would sit on the doorstep until Billy's mother came out to welcome Pete back again.

From then on through the spring and summer the two were inseparable. Where Pete's work led him, there Billy followed. And where Pete was, the sky lifted, and the horizon widened out, and there was the sound of wind in the pines and hemlocks. His blithe shouting to the horses was like the shouting of the wind in the spruces, and the horses tossed their heads, and stepped out as they did for no one else. When Pete strode across the fields it was like the march of the west wind across the meadows, and the smile on his bronzed, straight features was like the filtering of sunlight through a shady wood.

But the best of all for Billy was the rainy days

in the stable when Pete cleaned the harness or mended the farm machinery. After he had worked in silence for a little time, Pete would turn suddenly to Billy. "Just so soon as you're a great, beeg man, I'm going to take you on the woods with me, an' show you how to ride the log on the spring drive. That's the thing for a man to do," he would exclaim. "That's the thing for to make a man see what a fine place the woods is. I'll show you white water, an' how to ride the log like the wind, with the spray flying up like the flocks of leetle white birds." And Pete would toss his black hair, and draw in great breaths, and his eyes would gleam in remembrance. And watching him, Billy could see the wind lifting his hair, and see the blown spume flying about him, and the tree-lined banks rushing past in a blur of dark green, with the brown logs rolling and leaping about his feet.

And Pete would tell of the canoes on the river when they came from the north, and perhaps, if he felt in the mood, Pete would break into an old French-Canadian chanson, until the boy could feel the surge of the canoes in the water, the measured dip of the paddles, and see the forest streaming by on either side of the river, silent and darkly vast.

That's the way it was when Pete came down to the farm for the summer. He brought the forest with him, the sound and the sight and the sweep of its freedom and joy. And where Pete was, the breeze felt cool and invigorating, and Billy could hear the song of earth and sky and water; and at night Pete could make him understand, not with the words themselves, but by the underlying love that welled up continuously, how the beauty of the world ringed him round about with its peace and tranquility and loveliness. So when Pete strode down the road with the first faint dust of the season drifting away from his feet, it was like spring coming down from the forest; spring, as lovely in the lumberman's caulked boots amid the dust, as in the press of silver slippers among the first fragile leaves of the young grass.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

I THINK WHEN I READ

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,

I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,

That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he
said,

"Let the little ones come unto me!"

—*Jemima Luke.*

HERE

ask me how I know that Spring has come.
cannot say,
except perhaps I felt her gently pass.
er dainty feet scarce touched the ground,
nd yet, the grass she lightly trod
emerald strewn,
nd just before I saw the evening star,
hen all the world was hushed at vespers hour,
heard—or else maybe I dreamed I heard—
own in a distant copse, the first blackbird.

know not what the weather man may say,
only know that Spring is here.
he came today.

—Susan F. Campbell.

PIPE STONE QUARRIES

It was Longfellow, in "Hiawatha," who cast a
lamour of romance about the pipestone quarry
of Minnesota. He says:

"On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitcho Manito, of the mighty,
He the Master of Life descending,
From the red stone of the quarry,
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Molded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
And erect upon the mountains
Smoked the calumet, the peace-pipe,
As a signal to the nations."

At another place in this poem Longfellow asks:

Say, hast thou seen the calumet of pink or
purple bright,
pipe-bowl in the council, a hatchet in the
fight?"

But long before Longfellow wrote the quarry
as a sacred place to the Indians. Their tradi-
on was that there was a great battle between
arring tribes there, and so much blood was spilled
at it soaked into the ground and turned the
ay red. Since that day no Indian has shed
lood at the quarry. Another legend which
ems to have had a common origin with the
regoing is as follows: Many centuries ago there
as a great flood which destroyed all the nations
the earth, when all the tribes of the Red men
sembled at a certain place to escape from the
aters. The flood continued to rise until it
vered them all in a mass, when their flesh was
nverted into red pipestone. While they were
l drowning in a mass, a young woman, K-wa-
h-w, caught hold of the foot of a very large bird
at was flying over, and was carried to the top
a high cliff that was still above the waters.
ere she gave birth to twins, and their father
as the war-eagle, and her children have since

peopled the earth. Hence, the pipestone, which
is the flesh of their ancestors, is smoked by the
Indians as a symbol of peace, and the eagle's
quill decorates the head of the brave.

It was thought by the Indians that a fugitive
who reached the quarry was safe so long as he
remained there. The Indians at some of these
pipe-stone quarries have such a superstitious
veneration of them that not a spear of grass is
broken or bent by their feet within three or four
rods of them, where they stop, and, in humble
supplication by throwing plugs of tobacco to
them, solicit permission to dig the red stone for
their pipes.

From all parts of the country Indians came to
cut out the red pipe-stone. The clay was easily
cut, being of the consistency of hard cheese.
When exposed to the air it hardened, and was
carved into various forms favored by the Indians
in pipe-making.

This pipe-stone was formerly known as
"Steatite," but now goes by the name of "Cat-
linite," after Catlin, the well-known authority
on Indians. Catlin was the first white man al-
lowed by the Indians to visit the red pipe-stone
quarry in 1836. This, the principal quarry, is
located in Pipestone County, Minnesota, in the
region known as Choteau des Prairie. The
earliest records of the American Indian refer to
this material, and wonderful stories have been
told of it; yet the exact location was discovered
about fifty years ago.—*The Gideon*.

NERVOUS SUITOR to Little Brother—"I've
come to see your sister."

Little Brother—"She's been expecting you."

Nervous Suitor (beaming)—"Ah, that's good.
Here's a shilling for you. How do you know, my
little man, that she's been expecting me?"

"'Cause she's gone out."

—*Manchester Evening News*.

IKE BERNSTEIN set up a hot dog stand next
door to a bank. A friend, a chronic borrower,
came to the stand:

"How's business, Ike?"

"Fine! Fine! I deposited it lots of money
in de bank."

"Say, Ike, couldn't you lend me fifteen bucks?"

"No, no!" said Ike. "I've got an arrange-
ment mit de bank."

"An arrangement mit de bank?"

"Sure! De bank agreed if I don't lend no
money, de bank don't sell no hot dogs."

"I'm not much of a mathematician," said
Carelessness, "but I can *add* to your troubles,
subtract from your earnings, *multiply* your aches
and pains, *divide* your attention, take *interest*
from your work and *discount* your chances for
success."—*Railway Age*.

NATIONAL FORESTS

Few people realize that America's national forests contain approximately 300,000,000,000 feet of ripe timber valued at \$2,000,000,000. They comprise 17 per cent of the total forest areas of the United States and 25 per cent of the value thereof.

There are 159 national forests, located in 34 states, covering 158,000,000 acres of land, equal in area to the five New England states, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina.

These forests must be cared for, or they die before they ripen and are ready to be cut and utilized. It is a matter of economy to utilize this timber as it ripens. The Forestry Bureau is authority for the statement that 7,000,000,000 feet could be cut annually without depleting the forests in the least, if there were sufficient roads whereby to reach and protect them.

What becomes of the trees cut from the national forests? About 5,000,000 of them annually go to supply the telephone and telegraph companies with poles. About 500,000,000 feet are used by the farmers for fence posts every year. About 250,000,000 cubic feet are used annually in the cooperage industry. About 125,000,000 are used annually for ties used by railroads. Then there are a billion lead pencils requiring millions of trees.

In California there are 19,000,000 acres national forests; in Idaho, 19,000,000; in Montana, 16,000,000; in Colorado, 13,000,000; Oregon, 13,000,000, and in Washington, 10,000,000 acres. These national forests are paying annually about \$1,500,000 to the several states and counties for road and school funds.—*Washington Post*.

EVERY body in this world wants watching but none more than ourselves.—*Josh Billings*.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount West, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimfield Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.